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**"DULLED WITH LAPSE OF TIME."**

THE precautionary arrest of Pollok and the reported restlessness of other witnesses wanted in the Rosenthal case are only so many more proofs that Becker should be tried with all possible promptness. Day after day of tortuous investigation, fresh devices of delay and complication, charges and recriminations among Mayor, Aldermen and counsel, only befog and belittle the question of who is responsible for the shooting of Rosenthal in the early morning of July 16.

In the shift and change of events public interest and indignation cannot long remain fixed. Already one hears the man in the street speculating half indifferently how long Becker's lawyers will manage to "hold it off." An accused man should have every reasonable chance to get together evidence needed for his defense. But what is the real end and aim of court dodging and technicality weaving? Is it ever to hasten justice?

A recent sharp letter to the State Bar Association on "causes leading to the present discontent with our judicial system and the manner in which justice is administered," scored the "law's delay" in words that cannot be too often repeated:

All the chances of delay favor the criminal and encourage the criminally minded. Evidence dulled with lapse of time, witnesses die or disappear, popular indignation, the prime support of prosecutions, evanesces and gives way to suspicion that justice has been defeated by ways that are bad, with consequent disaffection toward the courts and officers of the law, the very machinery instituted among men for protection of the innocent and punishment of the guilty.

The aptness of these words when applied to the Rosenthal case is only too plain. Becker's trial is now set for Oct. 7. Let there be no question of further postponement, and let no witness who is wanted on that day be found to have been "coerced" or otherwise put out of reach.

**WHY NOT GO AFTER IT?**

THE announcement that by Oct. 15, 1913, the first vessel can sail through the Panama Canal makes the accomplishment of the great task suddenly seem very real and near. By December, 1914, merchant ships will have unrestricted use of the new waterway. The Western passage to the Orient which Columbus and the others sought and died in seeking will come true after all. There was none—so we died once.

But this is no time for sentiment, says Director John Barrett of the Pan-American Union. Only a lot of hustling is going to save this country from being left far behind in the race for Central and South American trade. The nations of the world have not been slow to see the possibilities of the Canal. Mr. Barrett describes what he has seen going on in Europe, in Japan and in South America itself. His picture is a lively one.

All the principal European countries, Germany especially, are improving their ports, sinking their shipyards and steamship lines, establishing banking and business relations with South American merchants, teaching South American geography in the schools and being as polite as ever they can to South America and all its people. Japan has started three steamship companies for the South American trade. China, Australia and Canada are planning lines of their own.

Meanwhile the west coast of South America itself is "getting ready" to the tune of millions. Chili, Peru and Bolivia are spending fifty million dollars on railways. Valparaiso is to have a new fifteen million dollar artificial harbor. Ports in Ecuador and Peru are being similarly improved. On the east coast Argentina and Uruguay are spending thirty millions on Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. Brazil is laying out one hundred millions on railways. The Central American countries are doing what they can.

All of which means that, with the opening of the Canal, South America will loom up as a trading ground of surpassing richness, and Europe (again especially Germany) is all ready to do big business there. If the United States expects to have a share it must look sharp and begin preparations at once.

And why not? Instead of breaking treaties and playing sharp diplomacy in an effort to coddle and physic such puny, overdosed foreign shipping as we have left, why not take the hint and build up healthy trade by big, manly exercise in competition with others in the open?

THE outlook for the brewers is good, declares a conference of the same in Boston. President Ruppert lays stress on the steady improvement in the public attitude toward the brewing industry owing to changes in the sober thought of the nation.

THE husband who flew the coop because his wife filled it with furniture and left him only the fire escape for dressing room almost touched fame everlasting. But she's got him back again.

MRS. LANTRY, sailing for America, says, "she supposes there'll be an ambulance at the dock to meet her—but never mind her age." We haven't for years, and we're not going to begin now.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS have been installed in the Tombs to illumine every corner. Hereafter some one will sit up to keep tabs on those who go out nights.

CENTRE side doors on local subway trains will be ready and working at 5 o'clock Monday morning. Then what matter who's elected?

**POSSIBLE.** "Can we get a quorum to-day?" "In the baseball team in town?" "No." "We can."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**WHAT HE SUPPOSES.** "It says here something is on the knees of the gods. What do you suppose it is?" "The goddesses."—Judge.

**Quack—Quack!** By Maurice Ketten

**The Jarr Family** By Roy L. Gordon  
**Mr. Jarr Teaches His Wife to Tell Romany Rye From Romany Scotch**

In those days the gypsies, a simple folk as now, lived and conducted their affairs on old, unorganized rule-of-thumb methods. Thus it was that some forty years ago, a gypsy man and woman might have been seen entering the great country estate of Lyander Van Wart, a millionaire merchant of New York. The wife accompanied him in the hope of reaping a harvest of silver coin telling the fortunes of mistress and maids upon the place.

**The Art of Being A Successful Wife** By Sophie Irene Loeb

WHILE her suffragette sisters are undergoing forcible feeding to get votes, Dorothy Gold, English writer, tells "Mrs. Bull" a few things that may bring her real votes in the matter of literal "home" rule, which wisdom we American sisters may note with profit. She says: "I dare say you have seen the pictures of many snake charmers. Now, a wife must be a sort of snake charmer. She must maintain the interest of the home or she will assuredly become infinitely less attractive as company than the club or the 'pub.' Often and often have I heard unsuccessful married women—women who in the beginning might have kept their husbands at home, but have never really made the effort—say 'I don't know what men find to attract them in such places.' I do. They find what very many of them do not find at home. They find company. A wife who fails to make home interesting for a man ceases to be company for him. 'I am well aware the common retort is: 'But why in the world should a woman have to make all this fuss and effort to keep a man at home merely because she marries him? Why, instead of her making company for him, should he not make company for her?' The only answer I can make is that man is a peculiar animal; and it PAYS. If she keeps up the interest of home for HIM he will keep up the interest of home for HER.

"For woman, whatever it may be for himself, the greatest study of mankind is man. If a woman wishes to be a successful wife, it is certain she must study her husband. Every husband has a key-note to his character. He has his friends? Encourage him to bring them home, and their wives with them. Does he like music? Perfect your musicalship, and invite musical company. Is he fond of card parties? Invite people for cards. Do not give him a dull moment at home if you can help it. If you see he wants to be quiet, don't bore him; if he does want to spend an hour or two stretching his legs and working off his mind his latest jokes at the club, be bright and cheerful about it. In my day I have seen not a few delightful husbands made out of a sorry sort of bachelor by such process as this. And this brings me to say that, with all their striving after home-keeping, husbands, I am not for girls who rush to the extreme of trying to, or trying to tie up their husbands to the old armchair. There is no spot yet contrived, which will keep a man at home that way. Let the golden cord of love go loose a little, but let him see, and feel, and understand in all your life with him that they are in YOUR hands. I am confident that after a while, if you do this, you will find that the strings just as delightfully and tactfully as she did before.

"According to Mrs. Sarah Grand, if you want to manage a husband you must 'FEED THE BRUTE.' This is all very well; but there is feeding and feeding. There is feeding that is mere stuffing him with irritability and indignation, and there is feeding that keeps him genial and jovial and nice enough to kiss at any hour of the day or night. Some women seem to think that the art of training a husband in dietetics is to blow him out like a prize pig. "It is true that in the early days of marriage a man will stand from his wife a great many affronts to his palate and a great many attacks on his digestion, but there is a limit one day, and she may bump up against it so suddenly as to compel her to wonder whether she has been feeding him with dynamite or cyanide of potassium. It is then time for her to train his appetite, not in the way SHE wants it to go, but the way HE wants it to go. HIMSELF.

There is wisdom in this. It is a case of give and take, seemingly. I venture to say that the everyday Bunce do it very much in this way. While the proposition of 'studying' a man might arouse our so-called indignation as to our equal rights in the matter, yet experience has proved that the 'studying' for the other half follows as a matter of course. Therefore: 'TIS A WISE WIFE THAT MANAGES A MAN SO THAT HE THINKS HE IS THE MANAGER.

**THE RIB** By Helen Rowland  
 She Discusses the "White Feril."

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 "HOW much men are!" exclaimed the Rib as the Mere Man put down his gloves and hat and settled himself in the Morris chair. "How they do hate to display their beauty! How they do scorn to do anything to improve their appearance!"  
 "You mean," inquired the Mere Man, "that they refuse all those little 'first aids to nature' with which woman so nobly endeavors to defeat the designs of the Almighty?"  
 "No," explained the Rib, patting her side curls complacently and gleaning surreptitiously into the mirror to see if the powder showed on her nose; "I mean that they seem to go out of their way to find new inventions for disguising and belittling Nature and for making themselves as unattractive as possible. And the more disguised they are the more hideously they array themselves."  
 "Perhaps it's just the instinct for self-protection," murmured the Mere Man. "Every animal, you know, is endowed with some means of protection, and the human male!"  
 "Derbies and swallowtails and trousers and yellow shoes weren't had enough," interrupted the Rib, ignoring the thrust. "So last year they adopted narrow shoulders and overcoats with petticoats—and this year they threaten us with the 'White Feril'!"  
 "The—what?"  
 "WHISKERS!" groaned the Rib. "They are talking of wearing whiskers!"  
 "Who is talking?" demanded the Mere Man. "The comic artists and the fashion writers? Not the men. No man who has the strength to wield a razor will ever allow of such a thing. No man who has a face that will bear the light of day will go back to those relics of barbarism. It's only women who permit the diseased imagination of Paris paranoiacs to inflict their nightmares on them. It's only women who allow themselves to be hobbled one year and ruffled the next, swathed around the head and left bare at the ankles, hidden at one end and exposed at the other, according to the season. But there! What do YOU care what the men wear?"  
 "They're the only thing we have to kiss," wailed the Rib, sadly. "And if they wear whiskers—well, a ring in the nose would be just as useful and ornamental as whiskers!"  
 "By jove!" cried the Mere Man as a sudden thought flashed upon him; "that might be a good idea!"  
 "A ring in the nose?" exclaimed the Rib in horror.  
 "No," explained the Mere Man. "Whiskers—as a means of protection."  
 "Protection!" repeated the Rib. "Against what?"  
 "Against—temptation," returned the Mere Man, cautiously. "They would make a man so unlikable that no girl would dare—would want to—that is!"  
 "Yes?" murmured the Rib, with frigid sweetness.  
 "Would LET him kiss her," finished the Mere Man, hastily. "Thus wives could always be sure of their husbands—and bachelors would be perfectly safe."  
 "They certainly would," agreed the Rib fervently, "as far as a girl of any fastidiousness is concerned. Sentiment would go out of fashion altogether; flirtation would become obsolete; and even table talk would lose its allurements. It would take an awfully violent imagination to build illusions and hang sentiment about a beard. But, as you say, men won't adopt them—certainly bachelors won't!"  
 "Why not?" protested the Mere Man, plaintively. "I was just getting used to the idea."  
 "Because a bachelor doesn't want to be SAFE," returned the Rib. "He enjoys the excitement and danger of dodging a proposal and of just skimming through a love affair without being grazed too much ever to settle down contentedly to the monotony of perfect safety. Life would lose all its zest for him without the snarls and pitfalls of the love chase and the flattering feeling that he was an object of pursuit. And slightly married men and elderly widowers would never adopt beards, because they could never disguise themselves as gay Lotharios with such telltale signs of age. So only the completely and radically married men would take up the fad—and they don't count."  
 "Don't count! Why?" inquired the Mere Man.  
 "Because they are such a small minority," sighed the Rib.  
 "I see," said the Mere Man. "But suppose bachelors SHOULD fall for the 'White Feril'—suppose, for instance, I should adopt a beard, what would you do?"  
 "I ACCEPT you the next time you proposed, Mr. Cutting!"  
 "WHAT?" cried the Mere Man in astonishment.  
 "And marry you before you could escape," declared the Rib inexorably.  
 "And then?" questioned the Mere Man, desperately.  
 "And then make you SHAVE IT OFF!" answered the Rib.  
 "Oh!" sighed the Mere Man as one sighs when one has escaped a great danger. "And then—would you put a ring in my nose?"  
 "No," said the Rib, thoughtfully. "Marriage would do that—for both of us."

**The Week's Wash** By Martin Green

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).  
 "WASH," asked the head polisher, "after two months of investigation and inquiry into graft collections by the police, where are we at?"  
 "We are still jockeying for a start," replied the laundry man. "As matters stand, the town is a boiler shop. On every hand the knockers have out their hammers, working twenty-four hours a day. Any bum, ex-convict or swearer of gambling houses has the ear of the public if he can get over something in the way of an accusation against a public official."  
 "The murder of Herman Rosenthal has been pushed out of sight. Persons with political aspirations are putting up ladders against the graft scandal and are fighting with one another trying to climb into office. The most patient public in the world is beginning to coddle on the situation properly and to demand that some give way to deeds and that public officers, pledged to administer the law, cease telling what they are going to do and proceed to do it."  
 "At the outset of this affair District Attorney Whitman's temperature went up to 100 degrees, and has remained there ever since. Everything has been done, with the high-speed clutch thrown in. The city has been mowed down with promises and charges. The prosecution has been billed like a circus, and the people are asking if the fulfillment is going to be like the reality of the circus performance when compared with the lithographs on the billboards."

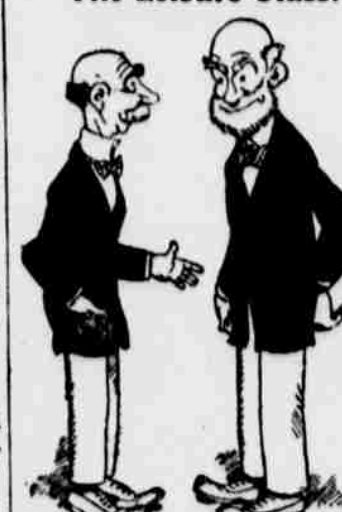
"There was a time when prosecuting officers in preparing their cases were discreet, so to speak. They examined witnesses in secret and kept their evidence under lock and key. It was customary in those times for the prosecution to go into court prepared to put the defense on the defensive from the start, and the defense rarely knew what the case against the prisoner really was until the testimony brought it out. 'Those moose' days have passed. Everything is done now in the white light of publicity. The District Attorney gives out an interview every fifteen minutes during the day and signs a written statement after he puts on his pajamas at night. The District Attorney's assistants go about their tasks beating bass drums and blowing bugles. An amazed and speechless taxpaying population stands aside and is entertained and awed, as the case may be, by the other day. But said population evinces a sense of noise and glitter and begins to inquire if the Judge is ever going to put on the black cap and send somebody to the chair. Such inquiries are about in order."

What They're Up Against.  
 "SOME policemen, from their timidity, don't seem to be very smart guys," remarked the head polisher.  
 "Policemen," said the laundry man, "are not supposed to be intelligent."

The Indian Sign.  
 "I SEE," said the head polisher, "that in an address to an audience of Indians, not taxed, out West, friend Roosevelt used the sign language."

He's there with it," replied the laundry man. "Look at the Indian sign he has put on the Republican party!"

**The Leisure Class.**



"I see that 7,000 tramps are planning to winter in the far South." "And yet foreigners say we have no 'leisure class' in America!"

"Do not give him a dull moment at home if you can help it. If you see he wants to be quiet, don't bore him; if he does want to spend an hour or two stretching his legs and working off his mind his latest jokes at the club, be bright and cheerful about it. In my day I have seen not a few delightful husbands made out of a sorry sort of bachelor by such process as this. And this brings me to say that, with all their striving after home-keeping, husbands, I am not for girls who rush to the extreme of trying to, or trying to tie up their husbands to the old armchair. There is no spot yet contrived, which will keep a man at home that way. Let the golden cord of love go loose a little, but let him see, and feel, and understand in all your life with him that they are in YOUR hands. I am confident that after a while, if you do this, you will find that the strings just as delightfully and tactfully as she did before.